

His Butterflies

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/24519718) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/24519718>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	dreamnotfound - Fandom , dream - Fandom , Video Blogging RPF , Minecraft (Video Game)
Relationship:	dreamnotfound - Relationship , Clay Dream & GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	slowburn , Denial of Feelings , Teasing , Flirting , Platonic Relationships , Possibly Unrequited Love , Angst , Fluff , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , penid
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Bees and Butterflies
Stats:	Published: 2020-06-03 Completed: 2020-06-13 Words: 6,359 Chapters: 12/12

His Butterflies

by [kumibladder](#)

Summary

He knew George had a crush on him... but what was there to say?

Notes

this is part 2 from Dreams perspective, part 1 is the first work in this series

Beginnings

Chapter Notes

I'm scared this won't get as much coverage as my previous work

Dream wasn't the shy type.

He was never nervous about showing his face. Yes, he didn't want the Internet to know, but he didn't mind his friends as much. He wasn't one to FaceTime or go on video calls, but at least in friends in the U.S. have seen it, like Sap and Bad. They hung out in person months ago, but it was George he never showed his face to; he never asked anyways.

The day George asked to video call, did he scratch his head. He didn't think George really cared.

Without a second thought, Dream called him, absentmindedly fixing his hair and tapping his fingers along his keyboard as he waited.

George's face connected just as his cat jumped on his keyboard.

"Patches!" he moaned, quickly grabbing the cat and dropping her on the floor.

Placing himself back in his seat, he was met with an ogling George. He, of course, had seen George's face before on his facecam videos and streams, but here he was just... staring at him.

"Wow, I'm surprised you actually did it."

Dream took note of the red rising on George's cheeks and chuckled. "Well yeah, otherwise you'd bother me for weeks."

"I would not!"

They talked for a while.

Clay wished everyday he could hang out with his friends in real life.

He had some old friends from high school he still talked to and saw every once in a while, but he was alone a lot. He played with his friends--sure, streamed often, coded more. As much as he loved his work and gaming, the itching feeling of loneliness started to creep up on him, lingering on the open windows of his new apartment.

He moved recently, to a nicer area with a nicer living space, but it was still foreign. His last apartment was lived in, with shattered memories of his old girlfriend. He didn't like that place anymore. At least he still had his cat, Patches.

Clay took her to the vet then dropped her off home before heading to the market. He was running low on groceries already, having initially bought some on his first moving days.

He stopped at Bravo.

Picking out Pizza Rolls and other junk foods, he went to pay. His cashier was a pretty girl about his age, dark hair with nice eyes, a sweet smile. She was very pretty.

Response

Chapter Notes

i drank so much coffee today ive worked on homework for 10 hours today no cap

“I’m gay.”

Dream felt the fire die out inside him.

He called out, “George,” but George already hung up. He left the world a second later.

“What just happened?” Sapnap said, letting out a nervous chuckle.

Dream just blinked stupidly at his screen, speechless. “George, just--” he took a second to choose his words, “--came out.”

“Well, yeah.”

Dream wasn’t especially shocked with George’s sexuality. George always clambered up when it was brought up, or even when he teased him... but Dream never expected him to come out so abruptly. Hell, they never even fought at this level before either; never passing simple bickering or harmless arguments in the past.

He groaned, hitting his hands against his head, trying to think of a plan. Instead, he heard the echoing voice of George’s confession in his mind, over and over.

“Dream. I think we should try to talk to him.”

“Maybe,” he admitted. “But you know how he gets, he needs time to cool down.”

Sapnap paused. “Yeah, I guess.”

“Let’s just give him a day.”

“Ok. I’ll see you later, Dream.”

“Bye, Sap.”

Dream sat at his desk for a while after, thinking over what happened, connecting dots, frustrated he couldn’t predict this sooner. Fed up with his thoughts, he decided on a walk to clear his mind.

He subconsciously strolled towards the supermarket.

Her name was Kate. And she was there again.

“More Pizza Rolls, huh?”

Clay grinned in pleasant surprise. “You remember me?”

She gave a cute smile. “You bought like 10 different packs of these--” she waved the Pizza Rolls in the air, “--and a huge pack of Gatorade and more junk.”

He let out a laugh. “That’s me, alright.”

Together

Chapter Notes

post-coronavirus world

George's mutant video is so funny

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You’re back.”

“Yeah,” he sheepishly grinned.

Kate scanned his items. “Well I’m glad you’re getting some healthier stuff.”

“I have dinner at my parents, and they want me to bring actual food.”

“That’s no fun.”

Clay got out his wallet.

“Do you go to school nearby?” she asked.

“Oh, no. I’m not taking classes,” he swallowed harshly, “I, uh, code and stuff.”

“And stuff?” she teased. “\$34.78.”

“I record videos,” he handed her his card.

“I’m scared to ask what sort of videos,” she giggled.

Clay felt his cheeks warm with embarrassment and he let out a laugh. "I meant YouTube videos."

"What's your channel name?"

He thought for a moment, before saying, "I'll tell you if I can get your number first."

Dream got George and Sapnap tickets to Florida. It was during Nick's Spring Break and he knew George didn't have anything planned.

He told Sap about Kate and the tickets first. He was understandably thrilled about both.

George was a bit subdued about the mention of Kate, but matched Sap's level of excitement about the tickets. If anything, George was even more so than Sap.

Their flights would be a week from when he told them, so they had time to pack and get ready.

He booked a flight in the afternoon for George, around 3 pm. He had a layover in Newark for less than an hour and would get in around 8 that night. Nick would get in first, at 7; Dream figured they could grab dinner in the airport waiting for George.

Clay sat near the baggage claim, a hoodie over his head while he texted Kate on his phone.

He got a call from Nick.

"You here?" Sap asked.

"Yeah, I'm by the bag conveyors," Dream looked around the airport. A crowd of people started

flooding into the space.

“I don’t see you.”

“Well, I don’t see you either.” Dream stood up, quickly texting Kate he had to go. Inspecting the crowd again, he picked out Sap’s figure. “Wait, I do.”

He hung up, heading over to him.

Sap was surveying the room, looking like a lost child.

“Yo, Nick,” Dream called out.

He turned his head, his expression burst into a great big smile. “Dream!”

They ordered food at a Panda’s Express, catching up and joking around together. It was 9:50 when George’s flight landed.

In that time, Dream and Sapnap waited in the airport chairs, growing progressively more tired. Even if it wasn’t too late, the ambivalence increasingly metamorphosed. The slowing emptiness of the vast area, coupled with large groups of happy families and weary businessmen getting in every 20 minutes truly created a strange atmosphere.

“When is he getting in? God,” Sapnap complained.

Dream frowned. “They were supposed to get in at 8.”

“It’s almost 10 already.”

“I know.”

At the edges of the airport, the lights started shutting off.

Taking notice, Sapnap acknowledged, “Look, they’ve already started turning off the lights.”

They heard an announcement overhead. The flight from London to Miami had finally landed and began unloading. In few minutes time, the first few people started emerging into the baggage area.

Dream noticed him first.

George walked out with the rest of his flight into the baggage claim area, his hand tracing his lips.

“There he is.”

They got up, rushing towards him.

George quickly noticed them, a huge smile erupting on his face as his insecurity dropped.

They all slammed into a hug.

Chapter End Notes

i'm excited to write about them in person now

White Claws

Chapter Notes

i'm getting to the goods this work just requires a lot of set up

UNDERAGE DRINKING WARNING

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I *am* taller than you!” George yelled out.

“Are not.”

“Am to.”

Dream mentally prepared himself as he stepped into his apartment.

It was the day after his friends got in. They spent the day just relaxing in his apartment; George complaining about his jet lag and Sapnap just complaining.

He had run out to get some pizza from a place around the block. Stepping into the living space, Sap’s makeshift bed lay messy on the couch, while George’s bed on the mattress in the middle of the room lay neat... Neat with several empty cans of White Claws.

“Where did you even get those? Were you scrounging around the streets for them?” Dream ridiculed, placing the pizza on the kitchen counter.

“I might have convinced George to buy them,” Sapnap admitted, swishing a can of black cherry around in his hand. He and George sat at the chairs in the kitchen facing towards him.

“They’re actually really good,” George said.

Dream could make out a light flush covered his cheeks.

“Try one.”

“I don’t like alcohol.”

“It tastes like juice.”

Dream rolled his eyes. “I’ll have one--” George grinned at him, “--just one, even though you guys basically drank the whole pack already.”

“Yeah Dream!” Sapnap cheered.

He grabbed the can George handed him and opened it, taking a sip. It was tasty, but he just stared down his friends with an apathetic face. “Tomorrow, I want to show you guys around, and maybe we can grab food with Kate at some point.”

“Sounds good,” Sap replied.

Dream couldn’t help notice the small shift of expression on George’s face. Video calls and facecams could never make out how expressive his friend really was.

“Yeah,” is the only thing George said.

They ate the pizza, drinking the remaining White Claws. Dream kept his word on only having one, but Sapnap and George quickly finished them up.

“Dream, can you tell us who’s taller? Me, or George,” Sapnap started again.

“It’s me, Sap, we literally looked in the mirror.”

“Maybe it’s different now.”

“What, did you put on your high heels?”

George glanced at Dream right before he burst out laughing.

“You guys are drunk.”

“Are not,” they protested.

Chapter End Notes

i can't believe how much homework my teachers have assigned bruh i--

Buzzing

Chapter Notes

i wish i actually thought out how i wanted the first two chapters instead of yoloing it
ugh

also dream's perspective is hard jeez i wish it were still george's

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream took notice of something while hanging out with his friends. Just a light feeling that followed him around like a bug buzzing near his ear. This became clear the next day when he took them around the area.

They were walking around downtown before he got a text from Kate.

“It’s so humid here, I am permanently wet,” George said, coming up to his side.

“Well, what do you want him to do, George? Change the climate or something?”

“I wasn’t talking to just him, idiot.”

“Do you guys want to grab lunch with Kate?” Dream asked, looking up from his phone to face his friends as he stopped walking.

“Sure,” they said, halting as well.

Dream studied them for a second before saying, “Nick is taller than George.”

“I told you!” Sapnap shouted. “Your drunk ass can’t see shit!”

Dream started giggling as George defended himself. Getting an idea, Dream started running ahead.

A few moments passed before he heard, “Dream!” from behind him, but it was drowned with the wind rushing past his face.

Sprinting down the street, he turned the corner and ducked straight into an alleyway. Dream heard the thuds of footsteps running, slowing as they turned the corner. He kept quiet, hiding behind a dumpster.

“Where is that idiot?” George panted.

“He’s probably in here,” Sapnap suggested as he came into the alley. “What are you doing, Dream?”

Rising up, he started laughing, his friends staring at him impassively.

“This isn’t Minecraft Manhunt.”

“What are we supposed to do without our tour guide?”

He went back out into the street. George came right by his side again; closer now.

“Just had to stretch my legs.”

“Sure, because you have to sprint to stretch those spider legs of yours,” George commented.

Dream couldn’t help but laugh, Sap joining in.

George studied at him for a second too long.

They continued walking, now heading for the restaurant they planned to eat at. George just inches too close, his hand grazed against Dreams.

A buzzing.

Dream strayed away.

“Did you guys like her, be honest?” Dream asked, closing and locking the door behind him.

They were back at his apartment.

“Yeah, she’s super chill,” Nick said, throwing himself on the couch.

Dream peered at George. He sat quiet on his mattress, picking at his lips as he stared at the ground.

“George?” he questioned.

George quickly woke up from his trance. “Oh, yeah, she’s super cool,” he answered with a wide smile.

Dream sighed gratefully as he turned to the bathroom; missing George’s conspicuous drop of expression.

Happy butterflies in his stomach were all he recognized.

Chapter End Notes

getting into now finally now now now now ow get into it

Florida Rain

Chapter Notes

i like this chapter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

His butterflies were gone, just like that.

I just want to be friends.

He needed some fresh air.

Dream quietly stepped around his friends to the balcony that was connected with the living room. Slowly, he moved the blinds and unlocked the glass door, sliding it open.

Leaning against the ledge, he privately observed the streets below him, sparse couples with hushed tones strolled along the streets. The air hung still.

He heard the sliding door open and close.

“You okay?” George asked. His voice was rough with sleep.

“Yeah.”

George came to his right, leaning against the balcony ledge as well. “It’s 3 am, Dream.”

“So?”

“Even Sapnap’s asleep.”

“Well, you’re up too.”

“Because it’s around 8 in London.”

“Oh,” was all he said. He shoved his head into his arm.

A loud couple passed beneath them, laughing with each other.

“Did something happen with Kate?” George questioned carefully.

I can't do a serious relationship rn.

Don't get me wrong, youre super nice but I just want to be friends.

“You’re so observant, George.”

“I do like the flattery.”

The couple’s bantering grew distant as a stillness fell over the streets again.

“Do you wanna talk about it?”

He shook his head slightly. “There’s nothing to talk about, she friendzoned me.”

He heard George “hmp.” A second later, he said, “I’m sorry, Dream. I thought she was totally into you.”

Dream adjusted his arm, his elbow now supporting his head as he leaned into his palm. George surveyed the street below; in the low light, Dream made out his brow scrunched together.

“It’s fine, you didn’t seem to like her very much.”

George shifted his head to gaze at him. “Why’d you think that?”

“You were quiet during lunch. Barely talked to her.”

“You noticed?” a glimmer of something passed on his face.

“Well, you’re my bestfriend.”

“I thought Sapnap was your bestfriend.”

He snorted. “Shut up.”

George smiled generously before his eyes opened wide.

“What?”

“Did you feel that?” George held his palms out in front of him. He waited a second, “It’s raining.”

Dream felt a raindrop. Then another. And more. “Oh yeah.”

“It’s so warm,” George observed. He looked up to the sky, a toothy grin spreading wide on his face.

Dream felt his face morph into a smile himself, watching his friend reach up to the sky in childlike wonder. He couldn’t help the bubbling laughter that unfurled throughout his chest. “What are you doing?”

His friend looked at him again, his eyes squinting from how wide his smile was.

Clay felt something in his stomach.

“The rain is so nice here.”

“Let’s go inside, we’re getting soaked.”

“Oh, wait,” George reached into his back pocket. “I kept forgetting to give you this. It’s nothing in comparison to letting us stay with you but…” George pulled out a coin, holding it out to him.

Dream put his hand out, George dropping the pound in it.

“I know you like to collect currency from different countries.”

Clay could only stare at him. He was sure a big goofy smile marred his face.

“What?”

George’s eyelashes were damp with raindrops.

Without warning, Clay pulled him into a hug.

His cheek rested on George’s wet hair. “Thank you, George.” He released him.

George sat with a stupid expression, just blinking at empty space.

“You’re so short, George,” he teased, ruffling his hair.

“I am not!” George argued. Even in the poor lighting, Dream could make out a red tint on his friend’s face.

“If you say so,” Dream walked over to the sliding door. “I’m going inside, you can stay out here getting drenched if you want.”

He went inside, heading for his room. He changed, afterwards dropping in his bed. Staring up at the ceiling, he felt Patches curl up beside him. The sheets of rain were casted on his ceiling from streetlights outside his window.

Clay understood now.

George had a crush on him.

Chapter End Notes

my face when i have to kill off kate's character because i was writing myself into a corner

Supermarket

Chapter Notes

y'all r so nice i-- :,)

this one's nice and long ;0

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“She said she just wanted to be friends and that she didn’t mean to lead me on or anything,” Dream explained.

“Bro, but didn’t you guys go out on a few dates and stuff?” Sap asked from his spot on the couch.

“Yeah, that’s why I was so confused.”

“That’s so strange. And she agreed to meet for lunch with all of us too? Sounds like a mooch.” George added.

Dream decided to tell Nick a few days after Kate friendzoned him. Of course George knew from the night, but played along.

“Yeah, I don’t know. I just wanted to tell you guys,” he gazed at them, his eyes landing on George. They shared a knowing stare; Dream broke it to study the floor.

“It just kinda sucks,” he brushed the hair from his fringe, “I thought we really had a thing going.”

“Well, did you sleep with her?”

George reacted first, “Why would you ask that?” He sat upright on his mattress.

Dream felt the back of his neck heat up but kept quiet.

“What? I just wanted some more insight. I didn’t mean to offend anyone.”

“You don’t just ask people that, Sapnap.”

“It’s not my problem if you’re not interested, gayboy,” Sapnap glowered, sitting up straight as well.

“What’s your problem?”

“My problem is,” Sap took a deep breath, “is that you’re keeping me up all night with your scuffling around! I don’t get any sleep!”

“It’s not my fault I can’t fucking sleep,” George reciprocated. “I’m losing sleep too, shithead!”

Dream groaned. “Shut. up!” he emphasized.

Both of them stopped talking, but didn’t stop glaring each other down.

“Here, I have an idea. We can move George’s mattress in my room and he can sleep there, if it makes you feel better, Nick.” He stood up from the kitchen counter chair, continuing, “George and I will run to get some groceries right now, so you can cool down.”

“I don’t need to cool down, George does.”

“You’re the one who’s being an idiot.”

“You’re the asshole who keeps talking in his sleep on the rare occasion you’re actually sleeping.”

“I can’t control that!”

“Sapnap’s such a fucking idiot.”

“George, stop talking.”

“What do you mean, ‘stop talking’?”

“Exactly what I said, stop talking,” Dream went into another aisle.

“Don’t leave me behind in this place,” George called out.

“Go get White Claws or something.”

“Dream, what the hell?”

Dream ignored him, heading straight for the Gatorade section.

“Are you mad at me?”

He paused, halting as he grabbed a bottle of Gatorade off the shelf. “No.”

He could envision George’s face of disappointment, but he stubbornly observed the Gatorade.

“Dream...”

He let out a sigh. “I’m not at you. I’m just mad in general.”

George placed his hand on his shoulder. Dream startled and peered at him.

George smiled at him awkwardly.

Dream couldn't help the wheeze that came out.

George stopped him in his tracks. "I'll pay."

"No."

"It's fine. You're sad--"

"--am not."

"You're mad," he corrected. "Just get some Gatorade or whatever you need to get," George's hand released. "I'm going to find the White Claws."

He paced around begrudgingly.

George had convinced him somehow. Now, Dream waited near the entrance of the supermarket, watching intensely at the scene at hand.

Kate was working and George had gone directly to her.

Even with the distance between them, Dream could make out the stiff swiping of items, the tight appearance on Kate's face, and the slight movement of George's head as he talked to her. It felt like ages before George finally turned around, bags in hand. Clay made eye contact with Kate but she looked away.

As soon as George was near, he questioned, "What did you say?"

"Nothing. Here," he handed Dream a bag to carry.

“I know you said something.”

“No, I didn't. Stop being so paranoid.”

They walked out of the store, heading back to Dream's apartment.

After a few minutes of silence, George admitted, “I did talk to her.”

“I know, George.”

“I just felt like I had too.”

Agitation welled up inside of him, but self-satisfying gratitude did as well. He studied his friend.

George's lips were pressed together tightly, a sort of scary expression on his face. “I just don't understand why she did that.”

George met his eyes. “You can't just drive your car into a fire hydrant and back out.”

“I'm a fire hydrant?”

“No, that's not--”

--Clay burst out laughing.

“You know what I mean.”

“Yeah.”

George had a crush on him.

He took a glimpse at George again. With his face relaxed, Dream could make out the dark circles that underlined his eyes. "Thank you, George."

Dream felt his eyes on him, but he kept his focus ahead.

"I only want what's best for you."

He wondered if George got butterflies.

Chapter End Notes

i should stop writing these at 2 am

Planning

Chapter Notes

lol i didn't write this yesterday bc i was up talking to my friend that i like but do i really like him? idk fear of commitment rllly shining through nowadays

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You still look mad,” George commented, walking in the door.

Sapnap just scowled at his phone.

“Jeez, Nick, did someone die or something?” Dream said, setting down one of the grocery bags.

George went straight for the White Claws.

“No,” Sap rested his face in his hands. “I’m just upset,” he admitted.

“Here,” George threw Sap a White Claw.

Nick caught it, nodding at him in appreciation, and opening it. “Sorry guys. It’s just some stuff just came up, I just sort of exploded.”

Dream just stared down at his hands. Sapnap’s sipping was the only sound in the apartment.

“If you guys really want to know--” Sap joked, “--something happened with Rose and she’s just been really bitchy lately. Plus school’s starting soon and I have this big test in computer science and--”

“--and I’m keeping you up all night with my ‘scuffling around’?”

Sap only frowned.

Dream let out a chuckle, getting up to put away the groceries.

“I am joking,” George clarified. “I get it, Sapnap. Schooling is extremely stressful, and I can help you if you ask. I’m always here to talk, even if I do get mad over your stupid coding skills.”

Sap studied his can. “I forget you’re older than me sometimes.”

“I just want to understand why both of you decide to have girl issues as soon as we all meet up.” George opened a White Claw of his own.

Dream started laughing.

“But I seriously need to go back soon. My break’s almost over,” Sapnap said.

George stopped in the middle of his sip. “You have to leave?”

“Well, yeah.”

“George, I told you Nick could only stay for a week.”

“What?”

He set down the Gatorade he was putting away. “When I sent you the picture of the plane tickets, I said you could stay for however long you want, but Sapnap would have to leave in a week because of school.”

George didn’t say anything.

“You never got back to me then, so I assumed you read it.”

“Damn.”

“You can stay longer if you want,” Dream thought about an empty apartment, with open windows.
“You don’t have to leave the same day as Nick.”

“I know.”

Dream observed his friends; Sapnap texting on his phone and George sipping his White Claw, staring at the wall.

“Do you guys wanna film a video?”

“So, I got you a ticket for Monday at 9 in the morning, is that fine?”

“Yeah, sounds good. So we can hang out tomorrow?” Sap asked, under his blankets.

Dream leaned against the wall. “Yeah. I was thinking we could go down to the beach or something.”

Nick beamed. “Yeah, that sounds like fun.”

Dream smiled back at him.

“Night, Clay.”

“Night, Nick.”

Dream stepped into his room, George's mattress in front of him.

George insisted that he let Sap get a full night's rest, moving the mattress into his room. Dream was a deep sleeper anyways and didn't mind.

George was sitting up on his mattress, petting Patches.

"Oh, it's a little baby," he cooed in a high-pitched tone. He looked up as Dream closed the door.

"Aw, Patches you finally say hi to the guests," he crouched down next to George, petting her as well.

"I have a little baby, too. Maybe you can meet him someday," Patches nuzzled her head into his palm.

Dream gazed at his friend. George had a flush on his face from all the White Claws he drank earlier. Dream felt a nostalgic sort of feeling in his heart.

George met his eyes, "Is something wrong?" The flush got redder.

Dream could almost see the butterflies in George. He wondered if he got them just now.

"No," he answered, breaking eye contact and getting up. "Sap and I are thinking of being to the beach tomorrow. He's leaving Monday."

"Oh, sure."

Patches jumped off George's mattress and onto his bed.

He turned off the lights, going on his phone. After a few minutes, he said, "Goodnight, George."

George didn't answer.

"George?"

No answer.

Dream peeked at George's mattress. Through the dim lighting, he only saw the figure of his outline. He could make out his chest rising and falling.

Dream quietly slipped back into his sheets. He fell asleep to the rhythmic breathing of his friend, dreaming of bees and butterflies.

Chapter End Notes

maybe 11 chapters in total? i like odd numbers

Two Truths and a Lie

Chapter Notes

bruh every time i upload another chapter i overcome the intense feeling to delete everything and leave,,, also why don't ppl use the tag penid it's funny haha joke

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“The beach... wasn't fun,” Dream concluded.

“I got fucking stung!”

“I got sunburned.”

Dream went into his kitchen, getting out a frozen pizza to heat up. They got back from a long day at the beach; Dream sitting in his sweatshirt the entire time, George lathering on layers of sunscreen but getting burned regardless, and Sapnap originally having a fun time but getting stung by some non harmful jellyfish in the middle.

“Dream, do you have aloe vera or something?” George asked, sitting on the floor of the living area.

“Dream, do you have pee or something?”

“Shut up, Sapnap.”

Dream started laughing.

“Ok, my turn. I enjoy anime, Mountain Dew tastes like piss, and I still play violin in my free time,” Sapnap said.

“The violin one is the lie,” George answered.

Dream came over to the living room, sitting on the floor with his friends with his pizza. “Mountain Dew one.”

“It was Mountain Dew,” Sapnap passed the shot glass to George.

He groaned, pouring the White Claw into the glass.

“You’re using White Claw’s for this?” Dream mocked, taking a bite of his food.

“George didn’t want to go down to the liquor store to buy actual alcohol.”

George only rolled his eyes, shooting down the liquid.

“Do you wanna go, Dream?”

“Sure,” Dream thought for a second. “I’ve always had a cat growing up, I was 14 when I got my first kiss, and I was fat when I was little.”

“Kiss,” Sapnap responded, eating his slice of pizza.

“Fat one,” George said.

“It was the cat one,” Dream chuckled.

George poured himself another glassful and downed it, passing it to Sapnap who did the same.

“When’d you get your first kiss then?” George asked.

“16.”

George gawked at him.

“What?”

He shook his head, “I’m just surprised.”

Sapnap spoke, “Why? That’s when I got mine.”

George gave a mischievous smile. “My turn.”

Dream finished his pizza.

“My cat is named Stripes, I don’t talk to my family often, and I had my first kiss when I was 12.”

Sap squinted at him, “They all sound like lies.”

“Kiss,” Dream answered, getting up to get another slice.

George’s grin got wider, “Sapnappp.”

“Cat one.”

“Dream, you have to take a shot,” George yelled out.

“Let’s go!”

“What?” Dream shouted from the kitchen. “How?”

“I had my first kiss when I was 12.”

“Your only kiss,” Sap added.

The room erupted with laughter.

“Was not.”

Dream sat down with them again. He took the shot glass, chugging the White Claw. When he was done, he asked, “Who was it?”

George stared off, giggling to himself. He shook his head again, “Kid named Jet. He used to be my friend.” His smile faded slightly.

“I’m gonna miss you guys,” Sap glanced at them.

Dream felt the atmosphere change. “It’s not like we’re not dying, Sapnap.”

“I know,” Sap looked up at him, “I just wish it were easier to hang out and stuff.”

“Yeah,” George agreed. “If I didn’t live in fucking London,” he scoffed.

“Just sucks,” Sap took the shot glass, pouring himself a drink.

“True,” Dream said. “It’s pretty lonely here,” he admitted.

George nodded to himself, taking the shot glass next.

The next day Sapnap left. George stayed.

Chapter End Notes

bruh this chapter was pretty shit im so sorry it's going to get good soon w the stuff im just tired

about me:

sad 15 XD rawr :3 haha joke im joking please

Sun is Setting

Chapter Notes

i talked to a therapist for the second time today and oh mygod im fucked up

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap: *I'm back home, paypaling you rn!*

Dream: *cool*

we miss you already

Sapnap: *Aww don't have too much fun without me*

Dream smiled to himself.

He and George didn't do much that day, going out to pick up McDonald's and sitting around playing Minecraft all day. It was quieter without Sapnap.

"When do you think you wanna fly out?" Dream asked.

George picked at his lip, "I'm not sure. Why, are you sick of me?"

Dream giggled, "No, I like having friends over."

"Maybe in another week?"

Dream nodded. "Sounds good."

They moved George's mattress back into the living room. Dream insisted he was fine with George sleeping there, but George persuaded him anyways; blabbering on about his restlessness in the

night.

Bored, he had an idea. "I have a place I want to take you," Dream decided.

George whipped his head around, "Where?"

They arrived at the ice cream parlor. It was a 20 minute drive, but they finally made it before sunset. It was a small store on the corner of a dead road.

"So, what's so special about a rickety old ice cream shop?" George asked as Dream pulled into the parking lot.

There were a few other cars, but it was relatively empty.

"I used to come here after school all the time with my friends," he smiled fondly.

"Oh."

They went inside. There were two couples sitting at tables together.

Dream looked over at George, "Let's order, I want to take you to another place."

He pulled up to a small hill overlooking the town. Grabbing his ice cream, he rushed out of the car, earning a startled yelp from George. Clay tore up the hill, only turning around to see a scrambling George who was yelling at him. He only giggled, continuing up the hill.

He waited patiently at the top, eating his ice cream and trying to push down the laughter that threatened to spill out. George climbed, glaring at him the entire time.

"Now you brought me to a hill," George panted.

With a mouthful of ice cream, he answered, “I also used to hang out here when I was young.”

George sat down beside him, staring out at the horizon. “Why didn’t we come here with Sapnap?”

Dream contemplated with himself.

The sun hit the ocean, lowering into the dark expanses. The town below became shadowed.

“You’re different, I guess.”

George didn’t respond, causing Dream to glance over at him.

George was looking at him already. His face was golden with the setting sun, but he looked away almost immediately.

Dream didn’t point it out, instead admiring the colors that began streaking throughout the sky. Clouds of pinks, and oranges flecked the blue, resembling migrating butterflies.

A mosquito hum in his ear.

“It’s nice out here,” George said after a while.

“I wish you could see all the colors in the sky right now.”

Clay could feel George lean in towards him, ever so slightly.

“Can you describe it?”

“Why? What do you see?”

“Looks kinda like piss.”

Dream burst out laughing. Taking a deep breath, he asked, “Can you see purple?”

“Not really, it looks like blue to me.”

Dream stared off at the sunset again.

“So, what do you see?”

“Orange, pink, purples,” he thought for a second. “It’s like a small fire; its light is reflected onto the blues and it creates a beautiful harmony.”

George hummed to himself.

The sun was set now, darkness began to creep up on them.

“Let’s go home.”

“Thank you, Dream,” George said on the way back.

He didn’t answer.

The rest of the week was uneventful, eating junk food, playing Minecraft and Dream taking George to childhood sites. Dream tried not to think about George's crush, but the thought of butterflies followed him wherever he went.

It was two days before George was to fly out; a flood warning taking place. It was rainy as soon as they woke up, wind picking up throughout the day. By the time it was night, the storm was in full effect. George went to bed early, Dream following his lead.

He woke up at 4 am.

Unable to ease his mind, he got up to get some water, walking into a empty living room. George's blankets where thrown off.

As panic began to edge it's way in his stomach, he noticed the blinds open. Stray raindrops battered the slider door, but he recognized the figure sitting on one of the balcony chairs.

Chapter End Notes

i have the next chapter written out already as well as an epilogue

Edit: why didn't I do something w a Waffle House my god

Storm

Chapter Notes

i've been in a rough patch recently and i feel as this work wasn't as well-written as my last one... i hope yall enjoyed doe :)) THERES GONNA BE AN EPILOGUE

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You’re out here?” Dream peered out onto the balcony from the slider door.

George didn’t say anything, instead just staring at the balcony wall from the chair he was sitting in. Rain pounded against the awning and spilled out in front of them.

“It's rough out here, you should go inside.”

“I just like it out here.”

Dream's face became concerned. “It’s late. Is something wrong?” he stepped outside, shutting the door behind him.

Rain hit him as a gust of wind passed through.

George ignored his question, “Do you get hurricanes here?”

Dream decided to sit in the chair next to him. George still sat motionless, focused on the wall.

He answered, “Yeah, but since I’m more north they don’t effect this area as much.”

“What if there was a big one?”

“I’d go to my moms.”

George nodded to himself.

“Why’d you ask?”

His friend looked aside. “I don’t know. Just making conversation for conversation’s sake.”

Cold rain drops hit him.

“George, lets go inside.”

“You can, you didn’t have to come out here,” he said defensively.

Dream thought for a moment, getting an idea. Going inside, he left the slider door open just slightly, returning with a sweater. “Here,” he handed it to George.

George looked at him with big eyes, taking it from him. He hesitantly put it on. He uttered a quiet, “Thanks.”

“Do you wanna talk about it?” Dream sat back down. He swore he saw a butterfly get carried off by the wind.

George didn't answer again.

Lightning cracked somewhere.

“You know, don’t you?” George said suddenly.

“Know what?”

Another gust of wind passed through and thunder sounded faraway.

Where would butterflies go in this sort of weather?

Out of the corner of his eye, Dream could see George lifting his knees to pull them in, making himself look small.

“Don’t be stupid. I know you know.”

Dream could see a flash of light in the distance.

The wind was picking up, flinging more droplets at them.

Dream's silence answered his question. George hung his head against his knees. “Most people get butterflies when they have a crush,” he started, “I was cursed with angry hornets.”

Dream could barely hear his muffled voice over the falling rain, but he stared at his friend regardless. A question tugged at him, "You get bees?"

"Yes," George brought his head up to meet his gaze. "They sting me."

Lightning flashed close by and Dream could see how glossy George's eyes were. He felt himself stand up.

George watched him as he walked over, now standing beside his chair.

He knew George had a crush on him... but what was there to say?

Clay leaned in and kissed him instead.

epilogue next -->

i literally planned out this scene from the beginning of this work,,, like how i ended the bee one with the summary and i (kind of) end this one w the summary as well. I mean there's still gonna be one more chap just for funzies and for curiosity's sake

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

here's a writing tip no one asked for: Let the audience figure things out on their own. You don't need to tell every single thing that's happening, allow the reader to determine how a situation, character, or vibe feels. Of course, don't be so vague no one knows what's going on, but it's about finding a balance.

long author's note at end :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Bye, Dream.” George leaned in, giving him a hug.

He reciprocated, wrapping his arms around his friend and resting his cheek against his hair. He sighed, “I’ll miss you.”

George tried to pull away, Dream held him hard.

“Dream, let me go.”

“No.”

“Dream!” George tried squirming out of his grip.

Dream held him tighter.

“Oh my god, fine. Just a second longer,” George wrapped his arms around him again.

His hair smelt like cinnamon.

“Okay, let me go.”

Dream released his arms, George taking a step back.

“What?”

Dream looked at him with an exaggerated frown and wide eyes.

“Don’t puppy-dog me,” George snorted.

“But I’ll miss you.”

George grinned. Dream could make out faint dimples.

“You want to be close to me?”

Dream chuckled from the reference, but it quickly died.

George took another step back.

Dream noticed. “Call me?”

“Don’t be silly, I will.”

“Text me when you board.”

“Yes, Dream.”

George backed off, turning around.

“And when you land.”

“Ah huh.”

Dream could only watch, his stomach sinking and his throat dry. “Have a safe flight.”

George turned his head around, “Bye Dream!”

A strong urge engulfed him.

He willed it down, focusing on the back of George’s neck. His heart prickled with guilt.

Unable to ignore it, he paced towards George, grabbing his hand. George stared at him with wide eyes.

“I love you.”

George’s eyebrows furrowed. His lips parted. “I know.”

Dream let go. He stepped back.

He saw George’s Adam’s apple bobble up and down before he said, “I love you, too.”

George went in line for security.

Dream only watched.

Watched as his friend didn’t meet his eyes. Watched as he scanned his ticket, and loaded his bag. And watched as his friend took one last look back after collecting his items.

He smiled at him, but Dream couldn't make out George's face anymore. He was too far away.

The butterflies in him landed, fanning their wings.

Dream waited in his car, looking aimlessly out his open window. It had begun to drizzle, and dark clouds blocked the sun.

He got a text.

George: *I'm boarding*

Dream ushered a sad smile.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you guys so much for following along, leaving kudos, and/or commenting. It means the world to me and I'm so happy I actually wrote this. Imma be honest, this is my first official fanfic and it was a great experience; you guys are so sweet and I'll definitely try to write more in the future.

Long author's note: I originally wrote Dream describing George's butterflies "His Butterflies" but over time, they slowly turned into his own, whether he was aware of it or not. Of course, it's pretty open so the audience can determine their stance on the miraculous butterflies.

I'm also pretty proud of the summary incorporation. In the first work, it was a little more predicable, but in this one I feel like I really set up well for it, even with it still being some what of a surprise. Like I said before, chap. 11 was end game from the start, it was just getting there that was difficult.

In both of my works, I completely fumbled through. I didn't have any lay out or any clear idea where the story would go besides a vague ending for both. I have to say, this work was exceptionally harder to get through. In comparison to "My Bee Stings," this one had three consistent characters I had to write dialogue for, for a majority of the story. In my first work, I only had one that I could really hone in on. So not only did I fuck around to the end, but I also fucked around with three completely different characters.

There's a different vibe to this work; it's more lively, I would say. The first one was somewhat gloomy, but I feel like in this one you can clearly see the happy moments.

Again, thank you all so much for sticking with me. I'm not sure if I'll be starting on a new, *serious work soon, but if I get any ideas, I'll def be back. Much love <33

*i have this funny idea for a nonrealistic smut

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!